

even if grass
and leaves
are always new
and the inevitable
equinox is out of the hat?
Who's
excited about that?
They're all too busy
feeling
their own sap rise
and reading
some subliminal lies
printed on the insides
of their own blind eyes.

— Robert M. Chute

Auburn, Maine

Nature Song

Candy Lips carved
her name in dusk
and pinned it on a rainbow.
Then plucking a star for a lantern,
faded into the woods.

But strangely that night
in all the woods
there wasn't a single faun
and even the satyrs (disguised as trees)
for once had called it a day.

Candy Lips hung
her head in pique
and fled to the nearest lake
only to find the waters loud
with the tinkle of naiad laughter.

— Charles Shaw

New York, New York